





# The Black and Red

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## Staff of Editors

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## CONTENTS OF NO. 12

	PAGE		PAGE
Editorial.....	1	Glee Club.....	6
Matters Military.....	2	Football.....	9
Boxing .....	3	In the Hands of the Spaniards.....	13

## EDITORIAL.

With this issue we publish several stories, verses, etc., written entirely by the boys, so we ask our readers not to be too critical. We want to encourage and bring out the literary genius in the school, and this is probably the best way of doing it.

It was impossible to include the finals of the Boxing Tournament in this issue, as the magazine had to go to press before they were fought off; but we publish an account of the preliminary bouts, which were well contested throughout and proved that our boys are quite at home in the art of "self-defence."

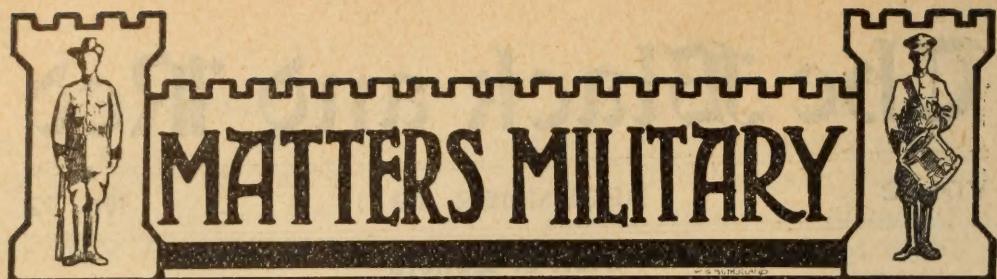
We are pleased to see Mr. Bolton again after his long illness, and will be glad to have him with us at the Christmas prize-giving.

A friend of mine was taken ill  
With flies upon the brain;  
The doctor put some spiders in  
Which might relieve the pain.

He sees big snakes that crawl the earth,  
And fish with crooked fins,  
And mermaids wearing hobble skirts,  
And other dreadful things.

I've heard of cases much the same  
With men who go to sea,  
But do not recollect the name—  
Whatever can it be?

E. BURTON.



The Bugle Band, a flourishing organization of trained musicians who started to perform nearly two years ago, has been making slow but sure progress towards prosperity, and at present is ten strong.

Until about eight months ago, we hardly dared to call it a band owing to scarcity of drums; but after a great deal of hustling we managed to secure four drums of the deep pattern, which added greatly to the military appearance of the corps.

So far we have only paraded once this term, on the occasion of the Section Cup Competition at the rifle range, and considering that it was very soon after the summer holidays, it was very creditable, and everybody stood the long march in great style. With the regular practices we are having now the U. S. Bugle Band will be second to none in the city.

Bd. Sgt. J. C. E. W.

Cadet W. A. C. Campbell has been appointed company signaller and is attached to A Co

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Jimmy Walker had a diary,  
Had a neat authentic diary,  
Which portrayed events that happened every day;  
But some foolish, silly fellow  
Came and pinched our Eden's diary  
And joyfully he hid it quite away.

Now Eden had suspicions  
As to who annexed the diary,  
And challenged Dave to battle at first sight;  
But Dave was quite unwilling  
To be mixed up in a milling;  
So Eden now remains awake all night.

If, in time, someone discovers  
The place in which 'tis harboured,  
Kindly notify the Editor and Staff;  
A reward will be forthcoming,  
And our Hig will get a drumming,  
For subjecting us to raillery and chaff.

H. W.

## BOXING.

The preliminary rounds of the second annual boxing tournament were fought off on Saturday evening, December 2, before an enthusiastic gathering of past and present members of the school.

A ring had been fitted up in the gymnasium, and everything which could add to the comfort of both competitors and spectators had been thoughtfully provided. The proceedings were further enlivened by the presence of Stockett's famous orchestra, which furnished choice selections during the intervals.

The candidates for pugilistic honours had been divided into three classes, A, B and C, and the first event was a contest in Class C. Mr. Dyne Harrison refereed, and Messrs. Lindsey and Bolton were the judges; seconds, McKinnon and Sanderson.

Class C. Caldwell vs. Douglas—Round 1. Douglas commenced briskly by rushing his opponent, but Caldwell's superior reach gave him a slight advantage over the shorter man. Fairly even. Round 2. Douglas had slightly the better of this round, repeatedly getting in some heavy head blows. Round 3. A distinct recovery by Caldwell, who eventually beat his man by superior science.

Class C. Creery ii vs. Waldon—Round 1. Waldon commenced by giving Creery a straight left, which quickened up Creery, causing the round to end in the latter's favour. Round 2. Creery forced the pace, repeatedly rushing the Channel Island man into the ropes. Round 3. A bad time for Waldon, resulting in a win for Creery.

Class B. Ferrie i vs. McInnis—In this contest the spectators were treated to a fine display of science by Ferrie. Round 1. McInnis tried to rush his man, but Ferrie's superior skill prevails. Ferrie cautioned through hitting too low. Round 2. Again Ferrie had decidedly the better of the round, but was again cautioned for the same reason. Round 3. McInnis, who fought pluckily, landed one or two body blows and one "half-arm jab" to the jaw. Time saved Ferrie, who won on the previous rounds.

The next event was the first of the Class A series, junior boys.

Scott-Allan vs. Low—Round 1. Scott-Allan the superior man. Low guards fairly well. Round 2. Uppercuts a feature of Scott-Allan's style. Low unable to stop the rush. Round 3. Scott-Allan again rushes, tapping Low's claret. A win for the Scotsman.

Devine vs. Annance—Round 1. A spirited bout, in which the French-Canadian tried to rush his man. Devine, however, guards well. Round 2. Devine apt to be rather wild in some of his blows. Round 3. This round was all Devine's, Annance falling to superior skill.

Patterson vs. Loewen—Round 1. Both combatants were obviously suffering from nervousness. Loewen was the first to recover and found the body with one or two good blows. Round 2. The man from Seattle knocked off his feet. He, however, still kept smiling. Round 3. Ended in a win for Loewen.

Goddard ii vs. Clayton i—Round 1. Clayton opens in a very determined manner. Goddard replied with one or two passing taps which find the nose. Round 2. This round was very brisk, Goddard being presented with a bleeding nose. Round 3. Clayton forces the pace, eventually winning a spirited contest.

At this point in the proceedings a diversion was caused by the occasion of the match between the brothers Baker, arranged by Mr. Tracy. The fight was for a treat up at the tuck shop and proved to be the star event of the evening. Round 1. Opened briskly, both men hitting well. Round 2. Baker iii showed signs of fatigue, receiving severe punishment. Round 3. Baker iii attempted to rush his brother, but Ray takes things coolly, thus gaining the decision.

Business was once more resumed with a bout in the B class.

Winch ii vs. McCrea. Round 1. Winch got the better of this round, using his left to advantage and side-stepping well. Round 2. McCrea stands the punishment well, but is in distress through a heavy body blow, for which time is taken off. Round 3. McCrea recovers for a short time, but is severely handled by the younger Winch, who eventually wins.

Gordon vs. Hart—Round 1. Gordon endeavoured to rush his man and got in one or two body blows. Round 2. Hart recovers, and being the quicker man, is able to get home with a series of right swings. Round 3. This round was all Hart's, his quickness giving him the victory.

Ferrie ii vs. Henderson ii—Round 1. Opened with a mild bout. Round 2. Henderson over the ropes twice, but recovers well. Round 3. Ferrie wins a keen contest.

Henderson i vs. Challoner—Round 1. This was a very fast round, both men very nervous. Round 2. Henderson had slightly the better of this round. Round 3. Challoner gets in

with a straight left. Henderson fails to avoid his hooks, losing the decision through wild hitting.

Pryce-Jones vs. Fisher—Round 1. P.-J. find the stomach with his superior reach. Fairly even. Round 2. The Welshman has a slight advantage. Round 3. Fisher gets in two half-arm jabs, just winning a very close fight.

This bout ended the proceedings, and the members of the orchestra brought the evening to a close with "God Save the King."

C. T. H. BALDON.

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### HERE AND THERE WITH THE WITTY ONES.

On Field Day as the Cadet Corps, in khaki and puttees, were skirmishing near a farmhouse, the old farmer, who was quite interested in the drill, suddenly remarked to his wife:

"Well, Mary, how on earth do they get their legs into those twisted trousers?"

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Memoir from "Doc's" Diary: "Tuesday, October 10, 1911.—Band turned out for practice after tea accompanied by the USUAL CROWD OF KNOCKERS AND HANGERS-ON. Buglers were a little better today."

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B. S. Walker (aside to Wyld): "Pass it down to Curtis, Band practice tonight—Bass Drum's tight."

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The dancing class seems to be a great success. We would advise the too ardent pupils to refrain from executing the intricate steps of the Barn Dance on the fourth form desks or waltz in the lower corridor.

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### Overheard at the Supper Table.

Menu—Hambourg steak.

Campbell: Can I go and hear Mark Hambourg tonight, please sir?

Mr. Barnacle: Haven't you just had enough?

Campbell: I haven't seen Mark yet.

Mr. Barnacle: Well, come up to my study after supper and I'll give you one to look at.

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### "A DREAM OF PARADISE."

One of our youngest though deepest thinkers, is somewhat of an Epicurean, and has, through experience, a really remarkable knowledge of the cuisine of the Empress Hotel.

This youth was discussing with an elderly friend of his the tremendous variety with which a menu can be drawn up, and on very careful consideration he decided that the following was to his mind the ideal menu. It has only reached the Editor in a somewhat ambiguous form, and there is nothing to say where the entree finishes or the exit begins.

One Box of Rogers's Chocolates.

One Bottle of Champagne (Giesler '93).

A Pailful of Oysters.

Five Turkeys (Date not specified).

Mock Turtle Soup.

Two Fruit Cakes (Which I think would be very nervous in such distinguished company!).

(HALF TIME. CHANGE ENDS!!)

Five or Six Cups of Coffee.

Guava Jelly, with Cream.

Cream Puffs (These are quite filling!).

Crab-flaked Cocktail.

Buster Brown (?) (Personally, we think that it would bust anything).

Asparagus.

Pineapples, Bananas, Apples, Nuts, Raisins, Etcetera.

The possibilities of this last word are too frightful for comprehension. We should like to say that we think that the menu prescribed by the doctor for the following day would be considerably shorter, and more to the point.

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### THE GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club is now fully organized, and under the capable management of Mr. Collisson and the willing help of Mr. Dobson, is making fine progress.

Those responsible for the organizing of the club have been agreeably surprised at the enthusiasm and rapidity with which the work has been tackled. Once the first glee—the evergreen "Oh, Who Will O'er the Downs so Free"—had been mastered, the others followed quickly. Two easy glees have been learnt and two fairly hard ones, "Take Care" and "Let the Hills Resound," requiring a lot of practice.

There is, of course, still plenty of room for improvement, the chief weakness being the crescendo and the pianissimo passages. It is always hard to get youthful Carusos to understand that fortissimo does not necessarily mean "shoutissimo." We are very fortunate in having an abundance of tenors, which are not generally numerous, and a very sure foundation of basses in three masters.

Two more glees for next term have been secured, including the ever-popular "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust."

Rayner has been a very useful librarian, removing much work from the shoulders of the conductor, who was very much worried on one occasion by the fact that the wind entered the music room unnoticed one day and blew half the glees on to Mount Tolmie, taking especial care to take the outside of one glee and the inside of the next, and so on.

Since writing the above the Club has sung to the school on the occasion of the recital by Mr. Williams, and sang three glees very creditably. In the middle of the glee "Let the Hills Resound," which has quite a difficult ending, a fuse gave out and the gymnasium was in darkness. Nothing daunted, the singers finished the glee, which was really a splendid accomplishment, considering that it was their first performance.

H. W.

### CAMERA CLUB.

The members of the club have shown a commendable energy during the past term, with the result that it has been possible to hold two competitions. Many of the pictures included in the first of these showed real artistic merit and were very effective. Special mention must be made of a Thor-sen's picture of the Band, which was considered the pick of the collection, the figures being well grouped, while the exposure and printing were both correct. He also avoided the mistake make by many youthful photographers of posing his subjects in the glare of the sunlight.

One point where perhaps many pictures are faulty lies in correctness of focus, and it is here that a reflex camera, which enables the amateur to gauge accurately the focus of his subject, is of great advantage.

The entries for the second competition have not been so numerous, for which the unfavourable weather conditions during the previous weeks are chiefly responsible, while the quality of those submitted appears to be well up to the average. For the first time enlargements have been included in the competition, Mr. Harvey having devoted several Saturday evenings to giving advice and assistance in this branch.

The competitions have certainly done much towards stimulating interest in photography, which is a most delightful hobby.

We should like to take this opportunity to offer our grateful thanks to all who have given the Club their financial support, and especially to Messrs. Shaw Bros., Victoria, who in addition to offering a prize on each occasion, are always ready to give all the assistance in their power.

We played a game of hockey with the High School one fine day.

The ground was nice and good, and hard, and newly marked for play.

They came along, eleven strong, with a mighty forward line, But ours—Wyld, Beech, Macdonald, Thorsen, Wade—looked just as fine.

The game was quickly started, the High School did attack, They got as far as Eben Rand, and then—the ball came back! Once more the High School men attacked; once more they were repulsed,

And all along the side-lines our “rooters” were convulsed.

Our forwards now all thought it was their turn to take a chance,

And quickly did, and did a thing that made our “rooters” dance.

They raced the ball right up the field, the High School backs they floored,

And from a scrimmage near their goal the good old Morley scored.

When half-time came and went away they sent in shots like rain,

But Mr. Cheese said, “If you please, go back and try again.”

Despite the gallant efforts of Jim Walker and Ed. Rand, The High School shots came in so fast that our rooters could not stand.

Our good old Sergeant Len McBride we had between the sticks.

He jumped about and kept shots out, like a cat upon hot bricks.

They kept this up until the end, but could not score at all, For Len McBride was standing where they’d like to get the ball.

And when the game was ended the score was one to none, And over the wires the message ran, “The Varsity has won.”

# Football



## University School vs. Vancouver High School.

On Friday, November 24, the first fifteen journeyed to Vancouver to play the Vancouver High School. The game was played at Brockton Point in a sea of mud, which made it rather difficult for us, as we had been playing on very hard grounds. Nevertheless our forwards heeled the ball well, but their halves were around the scrum and smothered the ball every time. We were therefore forced to play the defensive game, a sour three-quarters found the ball too wet to insure accurate passing. It was decidedly a forward game, but our forwards were so light that we were forced to pass. Most of their tries were made by their backs, who handled the ball very well. Our only try was made in the last half by Thorsen, who got the ball in a line-out and broke through, scoring a try in the extreme corner. Wyld failed to convert. The game ended with the High School attacking and the score eighteen to three in their favour. H. R. W.

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## University School vs. Vancouver Y. M. C. A.

On Thanksgiving Day the first fifteen played a good game of Rugby against the Y. M. C. A., who came over from Vancouver to play us. In the first half we did all the attacking, and Wyld just missed scoring on a penalty kick. Our three-quarter line failed to get going properly, although we had plenty of opportunities, and at length their superior weight began to tell. In the second half Decker took a pass from Winch, and making a fine run down the touch line, was collared while making the last sprint over the line, and was forced into touch.

Wyld and Beech did some very useful kicking, while all the forwards played a splendid game, and held their heavy scrum in fine style. When the whistle blew for time, neither side had scored. Mr. Sparks kindly refereed. H. R. W.

## Second XV. vs. The Collegiate

A very good game of Rugby was played on our grounds on Wednesday, November 15, between our Second XV. and the Collegiate School. The Seconds had never played together before, but managed by hard playing to hold their own and eventually emerge victorious.

Galer, who captained the Seconds, won the toss, and chose to play up-hill. The Collegiates kicked off, and for the first few minutes the ball was kept near the middle of the field.

Galer furnished the first bit of excitement when he took a pass from Tupper, and after making a good run transferred to Wallis, who was collared on the touch-line near their twenty-five. Here a series of rushes took place in which the forwards did some good dribbling, but could not succeed in getting over the line, as the Collegiate backs did some splendid saving. Tupper, on following up a loose scrum, took a short pass from one of the forwards and made a splendid dash over their goal-line, but was collared by Wilkinson, who succeeded in holding the ball up, and no-try was given. Talbot and Wilkinson played a splendid game for the Collegiate and Talbot looked very dangerous two or three times when he broke away from the scrum with the ball at his feet, but Winch ii proved equal to the occasion and "downed him in his tracks" amid the cheers of the onlookers.

After one of the rushes the whistle blew for half-time, with no score for either side. We kicked off and the ball was at once put into play. About five minutes after the beginning of the second half Talbot secured from a scrum, and with a fine run scored a try, which was admirably converted by "Whiskers".

Our boys now played up for all they were worth and pressed the Collegiate into their own twenty-five. Here Galer, getting the ball from Tupper, feinted to pass to his wing, but dodging in towards the centre he dropped a beautiful goal apparently from the middle of a loose scrum. This made the score five to four in their favour, but it did not remain at this for long, for Tupper, getting the ball in a loose scrum, made a short run and fell over the line with a pile of players on top of him. The try was not converted. Talbot succeeded in getting away with the ball and another try for them seemed practically certain when Wallis rose to the occasion, and arriving from nowhere brought him down with a beautiful tackle which saved the game.

After a few more scrums the whistle blew for time, the final score being seven points to five in our favour.

It may be mentioned that this is the first representative Second XV. that the School has had, and for their first game they did very well. The backs especially were very safe, and also opened up the game by timely passing.

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On Wednesday, November 23, the Second XV. played the return game with the Collegiate on the Oak Bay grounds. The teams were very much the same with the exception that Galer was unable to play for us and Creery came in at half and Wagner came in to the forwards.

The game was started so late that there was only time to play half an hour each way, and the last twenty minutes of the game was played in semi-darkness.

It soon became apparent that the Collegiate would turn the tables, for their three-quarters were far too speedy for ours, and Wilkinson and Simpson ran splendidly, and scored several times. Our forwards could not get working properly, and despite the unceasing efforts of Winch at fullback and Hart at forward, the final score was 21 to 3 in their favour, McBride scoring our only point early in the game.

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The music lovers of the School have lately been afforded a great treat by the energetic ability of certain of our musicians, led by Louis Stockett (of Nanaimo fame), who agitates the harpsichord. Karls Viega has also kindly consented to help with his violin in company with such talented musicians as Sam York, Calvert, Wade and Dunn.

A triangle (equilateral) is the latest acquisition to this talented organization, which adds to the dreamy effect of classical music and waltzes, at least so our leader says, and "he ought to know".

N. B.—Prospective members need not grow their hair long.

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#### BY OUR OWN SPECIAL MAD REPORTER.

Some of the Staff are to be seen, on their off-duty days, setting forth in weird garments of billious colour, and terrible-looking weapons on their shoulders. It is always noticed that the stay-at-home members of the Staff are always the first to meet the hunters on their return and to congratulate them on their splendid bags, and incidentally to enquire, "When are we to have them?" One evening, after the boarders had retired for their nightly repose, the music of the knife

and fork—unusual at such an hour—was heard issuing forth from the Masters' Common Room. Little did the inmates of the dormitories, quietly resting, reck of the horrors of that night. Piercing screams and hair-raising groans, brain-racking cries and stifled exclamations broke forth from the various bedrooms at the dead of night.

Clutching the clothes in apprehension, the school awaited till morn broke, seemingly in a world of nightmares.

Our own special mad reporter interviewed several of the Staff, and managed to gain the following first-hand information.

Mr. Barnacle: "I dreamt that I was condemned to run up and down the corridor with a huge baseball mitt on each hand. Suddenly I was whisked away and found myself before a gigantic barber, who clapped a pancake hat upon my head and was just commencing to give me a neck shave —when I awoke!"

Mr. Tracey: "Dreamt I was in the pump-house—ten pumps—no water—pumped up thousands of McClintocks and Atkinsons—all demanded a nickel—lots of fellows—I mean to say with order forms to get their hair cut long—telephone bells ringing—wrong numbers all the time—boys all wanted envelopes to put cats in—all the small boys had rulers for breakfast!"

Mr. Thomas: "I experienced a brief, but shocking nightmare. I dreamt that I was chained to the drive with two mowing-machines on each leg. In front of me Stockett's band was playing a rag-time on the flower-beds, and as fast as I planted a tulip-bulb it would turn into the Sergeant's dog and run about the garden—I can no more—"

(Here he broke down, and it cost the reporter 10 cents to revive him at the tuck-shop.)

Mr. Harvey: "I dreamt that I went into the sixth-form room one day to find that the D. O. C. was holding an inspection of the Battalion. I endeavoured to arise to the occasion, but suddenly discovered to my horror that I was still in my pyjamas, and noticed that many of the Battalion were in their football clothes. The Band Sergeant seemed to be in a state of coma in the middle of the big drum. The Major would insist on singing, 'Oh, Who Will Capture Towns for Me?' to the D.O.C., and the officers, directly they saw me, at once drew their swords simultaneously and commenced to sharpen the drum-sticks on the desks. I had just time to shout: 'Slope arms, port arms, wave your arms,' when, I am glad to say I awoke.'" (Sensation.)

(Enough—EDITOR.)

## IN THE HANDS OF THE SPANIARDS.

The last faint tinge of red faded into blue, the great flaming southern stars shone in the heavens, the sea was hardly stirred by the gentle wind which bore three great gilded ships flaunting the red and yellow banner of Spain towards the town of Nombre de Dios. Many miles behind them floated the charred and blackened timbers of what had been an English privateer and a mighty Spanish galleon.

The three now sailing peacefully landwards bore unmistakable traces of a stubbornly fought engagement; one had sails hung overside to stop the inflow from holes between wind and water; one carried a jury mizzen; besides which, all were shot-torn and bloody. In the hold of the flagship, chained "head to tail" were forty Englishmen, including two officers, Hal Broadwood and Captain Hardy, the remainder of a crew of one hundred and eight.

Through the night they sailed on, and in the morning cast anchor in the harbour of Nombre de Dios. The prisoners were flung into boats, taken ashore, and immediately flung into the dungeons of an old Spanish castle. When the prisoners were placed in the dungeons they were not chained, for escape by the door was impossible, and when they heard loud shouting the next morning they rushed to the barred window and saw the fleet sailing out of the harbour, and watched it till it disappeared along the coast. Three days later the ships once more anchored, and with them a long black ship, from the yard arms of which dangled several human forms. Pirates and their ship, without a doubt!

The same evening the gaoler told them that the pirate had been captured while most of the crew were ashore getting water. Those on the ship had been hanged; the Captain had been captured and was then being questioned by the Governor; the pirates on shore had been left to their fate. At this point the chief gaoler came in and escorted Hal and the Captain to the room where the Governor was waiting to question them. The room was designed to inspire fear in the stoutest heart. It was all black—walls, ceiling, and floor; a black table was placed at one end, and behind this were seated the Governor, the Spanish Admiral, a Don and two priests. The effect was to make their faces appear ghostly white in the lamp-light. The Governor stood up—

"Your names?" He spoke good English. They told him, and a priest wrote them down.

"Nationality?"

"Englishmen."

"So I supposed, and as England and Spain are not at war and you attacked four ships of his most Catholic Majesty, you are guilty of piracy, and therefore deserve death by burning."

They explained that their ship had brought the news of the declaration of war from England, but the Governor would not believe them. "As you are not only pirates, but heretics, and have attempted to escape punishment by lying, you will be tortured and then burned, which will be the fate of the captain of the ship now in the harbour; but if you will tell me the conditions of the defences in Jamaica, the number of the garrison, and the ships now in the harbour, you will merely be held as prisoners of war and exchanged as soon as possible. I will give you forty-eight hours to think it over, and to help you decide quickly, go with these men."

Four men in black appeared and led them through an iron door into a kind of gallery which overlooked a small, square, stone room. Around the walls of this room hung odd iron instruments, forceps, a curious band of steel which could be reduced from about three inches in diameter to one inch by turning a screw, some chains, a large pair of bellows, and some rollers, spiked, plain, and corrugated. In the centre of the room stood an odd machine, consisting of a frame about ten feet long at either end of which hand windlasses were fitted. These were prevented from unwinding when under a strain by a pawl and ratchet. Between the side frames, and eighteen inches below, there was placed a long grate which contained charcoal ready to light. It was the dreadful rack, and the rollers hung on the walls were to fit into slots and under the victim's back.

"I wonder why we've been brought in here," said Hai, and as if in answer to the question four more men led the pirate captain into the room.

"It looks as if they were going to torture the poor devil," said the Captain, and such was the case.

The men stripped the pirate, laid him on the rack, fastened the ropes from one windlass to his wrist, from the other to his ankles, and took in the slack.

A board which had supported him was now pulled out, and he was allowed to hang. At a signal from a man who appeared to be leader a quarter-turn was given to the windlass, which stretched the man out straight. So far he was unaffected except that he cursed his torturers most vilely. At the next quarter-turn he ceased to speak and beads of cold sweat stood out on his skin. Another twist and his joints cracked, his muscles stood out like cords and he groaned aloud. Another twist and he shrieked in his agony, his hip-

joints were dislocated, and he fainted. The strain was slackened off, he was untied, thrown on the floor and soosed with cold water.

Hal and the captain were now led away, sick from the horrible scene they had just witnessed, and their gaoler informed them that the process would be repeated until the man became insensible to pain. He would be then given some days' rest and then tortured again. Finally, he would be burned.

When they reached their dungeon the captain expressed his opinion that all Spaniards and the Governor in particular . . . and then remarked, "Stab and bury me if I would like to share that unfortunate pirate's fate."

As Hal and the men, when they were told of the pirate's state, had no more desire than the captain to be similarly treated, they attempted to devise some plan of escape. As it was impossible to get through the windows, even with the bar removed, they decided to attempt to stun the gaoler as he brought them their supper the next evening; to secure his keys if possible, some arms and provisions, and to escape in some of the ship's boats on the beach.

Next evening as the gaoler entered he was stunned with a shirt into which some sand scraped from the floor had been put. His keys were secured, the door at the end of the passage opened, and the fugitives stood in a corridor into which many doors opened. Hal selected one which he thought would lead to the main gate, tried the gaoler's keys till he found one which fitted, swung back the door and found himself not in the main corridor, but the castle armoury. The men had entered after Hal and the captain and now seized such weapons as pleased their fancy. Finally after several vain attempts and having to kill one man, they reached the gate, stunned the sentry and rushed down the street to the beach in comparative safety.

They had, however, hardly left the castle when the alarm bell commenced to ring and the garrison of the town rushed on to the beach just as the fugitives pushed off in two boats. As they passed close to the pirate ship, now silent as the grave, Hal, who was steering the first boat, ran alongside the ship, his men clambered on board the ship, cut down the small crew of Spaniards who had come on deck to see what the noise on shore was about, slipped the cable and unfurled the mainsail.

Just then the captain and his men came on aboard, all the sails were unfurled and set, and the ship, urged on by the land-breeze, sped towards the harbour-mouth.

During the time the ship had been getting under weigh Hal and some of the men worked busily, and as they passed the Spaniard which was anchored nearest them they poured in a terrific broadside. Its effect was at once apparent. Flames burst from open ports, her cable parted, she drifted down on the second Spaniard, which almost immediately caught fire. The third Spaniard lay some four hundred yards further on, her stern towards them. As the ex-pirate bore down on the anchored craft two swivel guns on her poop flashed and a score of heavy slugs and bullets flew over the ex-pirate's decks killing one man on the spot. The captain threw over the helm when they were about a hundred yards from the Spaniard and a broadside was poured into her stern. At that range every shot took effect and demolished the Spaniard's stern, cabin and galley. After passing, the captain put the ship about, and as she passed again the other broadside was delivered. The Spaniard reeled, her mizzen went overboard, then she suddenly sank by the stern and disappeared.

The ex-pirate had hardly reached the harbour mouth and set her course for Jamaica when two tremendous flashes followed by a roar which seemed to lift the heavens came from the harbour. Then darkness settled down again.

Where an hour before had ridden three Spanish galleons and a captured vessel, now lay a few timbers and a mast.

The Spanish were gone. The privateer was avenged!

R. W. L. CRAWFORD.



